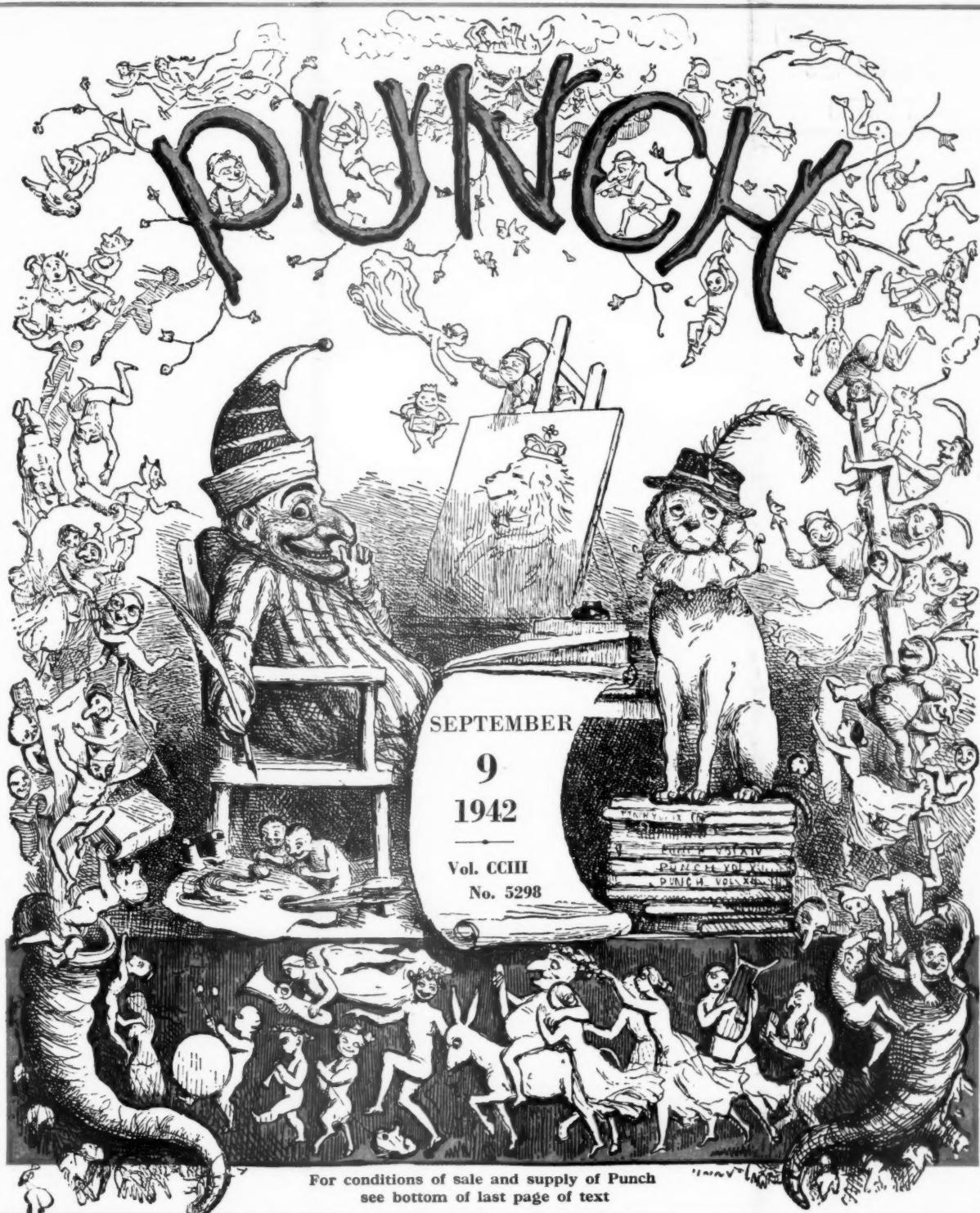


Their scarcity is
the best tribute
to their quality

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

The limited quantities
are distributed on the
fairest possible basis



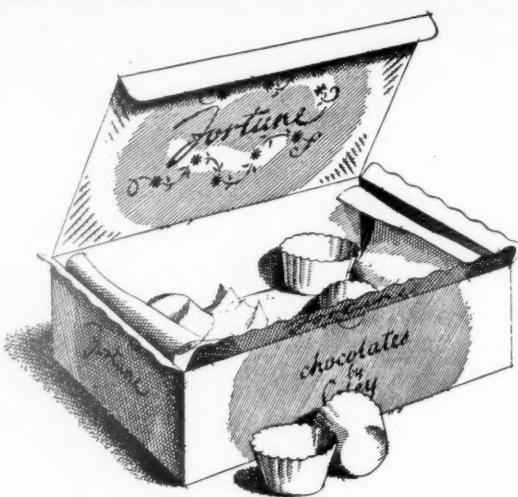
For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Player's Please



Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/- per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



Sorry! No more FORTUNE Chocolates until after the war—but you will still be able to buy Caley Norwich Chocolate—in blocks 2½d each.

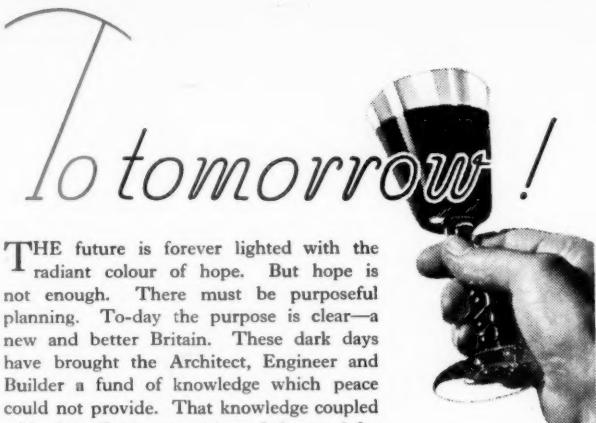
CALEY



CRUNCHY RYVITA
MADE FROM THE WHOLE GRAIN
OF HOME GROWN RYE

Controlled price 10d. per pk. (as pre-war).

RYVITA CONTAINS NO IMPORTED INGREDIENTS



THE future is forever lighted with the radiant colour of hope. But hope is not enough. There must be purposeful planning. To-day the purpose is clear—a new and better Britain. These dark days have brought the Architect, Engineer and Builder a fund of knowledge which peace could not provide. That knowledge coupled with the official recognition of the need for a Central Planning Authority gives us cause not only to hope but to be certain of a new and better Britain worthy of to-day's endeavours.

RUBEROID, which has proved such an effective solution to the urgent problems of to-day, will be ready and proud to play its allotted part.

ARCHITECTS,
ENGINEERS
AND BUILDERS
are invited to write for
Ruberoid Publication
No. 326 entitled "Stand-
ard Specifications for
Ruberoid Roofs,"

RUBEROID

Roofing

THE RUBEROID CO., LTD., COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1.



THE qualities of good judgment which have raised these well-trained, well-disciplined women to commissioned rank, are certain to have guided their preference for Antler Travel Goods—the lightest, sturdiest and smartest-looking cases ever made—in the days before these became—like appreciations of good service—few and far between.



Manufactured by

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

THE WORLD'S BEST LUGGAGE

Longleys

ANTLER

*The Aristocrat
of TRAVEL GOODS*

Septem
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DIVERSION

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Genasprin
REGD TRADE MARK
KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

DIVERSION
We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen'.

SANATOGEN
RIGHT TRADE MARK
NERVE-TONIC FOOD



"Eclipse" Blades are now made only in the popular slotted pattern, and though scarcer than usual, they are still obtainable by those on the look-out for clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers.

JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD



Calling London!

PLEASE GIVE US *more*

Y.W.C.A.
HUTS AND CLUBS

The
LORD MAYOR
appeals to London
for £100,000

"Last Friday, we had a sale here, and it turned out a great success. Being Service girls ourselves, we realize how much Y.W.C.A. clubs mean to those away from home and friends. We therefore feel we would like to send you this £5 to help start a new club for our fellow Service girls."

The girls in the Services are themselves helping this great work.

CAN LONDON DO LESS?

The Y.W.C.A. Wartime Fund. Registered under War Charities Act 1940.

Mrs. CHURCHILL,
10 DOWNING ST.,
LONDON, S.W.1.
or
The LORD MAYOR,
THE MANSION HOUSE,
LONDON, E.C.4.

(Please mark all envelopes "Y.W.C.A.")



VISION

"Ability to perceive the latent possibilities of electricity; foresight to create the means of translating them into new processes and products . . . on such principles Philips have shaped a great industrial enterprise with an ever-widening outlook on electrical development."

PHILIPS



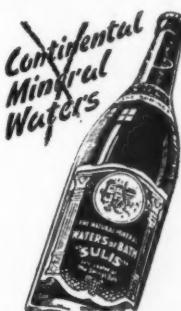
LAMPS · DISCHARGE LIGHTING · RADIO RECEIVERS · TRANSMITTERS · VALVES & THERMIONIC DEVICES · MEDICAL & INDUSTRIAL X-RAY & ELECTRO-MEDICAL EQUIPMENT · ARC WELDING EQUIPMENT & ELECTRODES · LIGHT ALLOY RESISTANCE WELDING PLANT · MAGNETIC OIL FILTERS · MAGNETS · SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W.C.2 (06A)

Drink not the third glass, wrote George Herbert, the 17th century poet . . . An injunction we must echo in these days of uncertain arrivals of fruit juices for making Kia-Ora.



Lemon · Orange · Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6
Unsweetened Lemon, Orange,
Grapefruit in half bottles 1/9



Sulis is a British Natural Mineral Water comparable both in mineral content and palate appeal to the German and French waters which are now practically unobtainable. This water is taken direct from the Springs at Bath, Britain's premier Spa, and sold in still or aerated form.

SULIS
The BRITISH
Mineral Water

from Wine Merchants, Grocers, Chemists,
or direct from The Springs, Stall Street,
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HAPPY SNAPSHOTS

Will Rose LTD.
For the finest developing and
"MAGNA PRINTS"
(RECO)

23 Bridge St. Row
CHESTER

PROVE IT YOURSELF 'It's Cream for Economy'

You need only just a smear for each shoe when you use Meltonian Cream. Cream goes so much further—and that's a great point to remember these days. Use Meltonian White Cream for your coloured shoes if you have difficulty in getting dressings of the correct shade. Meltonian preserves as well as polishes. Always apply with a rag and rub well in.

Meltonian Cream

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST USE IT SPARINGLY

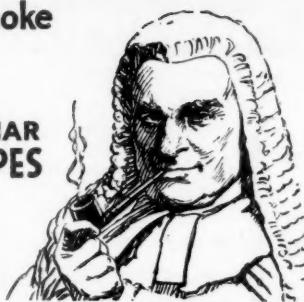
All shrewd Judges smoke



BRIAR
PIPES

Find the shape and style of an Orlik pipe that suits your fancy—and you can be sure that everything else is just as you would wish. Orlik London-made pipes are obtainable at many Tobacco shops. Ask for them by name.

L. ORLIK LTD., LONDON, E.C.1
Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



HEAT STORAGE
COOKERS

Like
All Good
Things

are in great demand but supplies are severely restricted owing to requirements of National importance.

THE ESSE COOKER CO. LTD.

Head Office & Works
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
London Showrooms

63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1
11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

LIVERPOOL : - 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH : 17 Greenside Place
GLASGOW : 11 Dixon Street, C.I.

To the managements of war industries ..

83% OF ABSENTEEISM THROUGH COLDS CAN NOW BE PREVENTED

YOU can prevent dislocation of production and loss of output due to colds. Of every five employees who were away last winter through colds, four can be made immune this year.

HOW IS IT DONE?

During the past eight years, controlled tests proved conclusively that SEROCALCIN provides immunity from colds in 83% of cases. In the winter of 1939/40 medical practitioners carried out a test on 640 patients prone to heavy colds. The results were as follows:—

COMPLETE IMMUNITY 62%
PARTIAL IMMUNITY 21%

NO RESULTS 17%

War conditions have prevented further tests on a large scale. But letters from

physicians, medical officers of large firms and individual users endorse the value of SEROCALCIN. 4 cases out of every 5 treated with SEROCALCIN report successful results.

A SIMPLE TREATMENT

An immunising course of SEROCALCIN (Regd. Trade Mark) consists of two tablets taken regularly each day for 30 days, and gives protection for 3 to 4 months.

The cost (including tax) is 8/5d. A booklet—"Immunity from Colds" will be sent free on request.

SEROCALCIN PREVENTS COLDS

HARWOODS LABORATORIES LTD.
RICKMANSWORTH ROAD, WAFFORD, HERTS.

ALLWOODII

(Half Pink — Half Carnation), most popular Hardy Plant, flower from Spring to Winter. Here is our finest collection of well-rooted plants—certain to please.

REPULSE (white & maroon)
EXETER (mauve & black)
AJAX (lovely crimson)
VULCAN (fine pink)
RAMESES (mahogany & crimson)
ILLUSTRIOS (large white, red eye)
SPECIAL PRICE — 1 plant of each 7/6
2 plants of each 14/- 3 plants of each 20/-

FREE — With each collection Half-pint Packer of our new culinary Pea 'PROLIFIC.' Over One Collection, 1 pint free (Limit). 2/7 per lb. (Postage paid).

SHALLOTS. Grand SEED SHALLOTS, 2/7 per lb. (Postage paid).

SPRING CABBAGE PLANTS
Well rooted for present planting. 3/6 100 (Carriage paid). Carnation & Food List Free

Allwood Bros Carnation and Food Growers
68, HAYWARD'S HEATH, SUSSEX

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TOOTH PASTE
ESSENTIAL TO
THE PROPER
CARE OF THE
TEETH

PLEASE RETURN THE EMPTY
TUBE TO YOUR SUPPLIER
AND
"HELP THE WAR EFFORT"

SWAN PENS

For more than half a century the Swan has held undisputed sway over all fountain pens; it has a quality that must be kept true to tradition.

Owing to war-time conditions supplies are difficult. We are, however, doing our best and as our stocks become available they are distributed to our Dealers.

Please, therefore, continue to ask for Swan Pens and Swan Ink as your Dealer may receive his supply at any time.

MABIE, TODD & CO.
LTD.

Head Office:
26 Donnington Square,
NEWBURY, BERKS.

SWAN INK



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

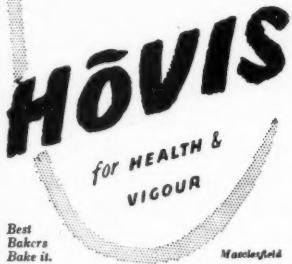
Let's see — better buy ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS

FOR EFFICIENCY ECONOMY AND SERVICE

Advt. of THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC Co. Ltd., 155 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2 (L.28)

'Too good
to waste a
single crumb'

Bread is a munition of war and HOVIS is a whole armoury of nutrition in helping to keep the nation fit. So make the most of HOVIS and use up crusts and 'left-overs.'



Best Bakers Bake it.

Macclesfield



**PURE Coffee
at its Best!**

Contains no Chicory

Vacuum Packed—Always Fresh

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer
(Dept. L.),

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

Idris admit their guilt. And, moreover, keep on browbeating all the lemons that they can lay hands on. Too bad for the lemons; but very necessary in producing the most refreshing, wholesome drink that the palate can desire.

What happy days again, after the war, when you are able to kill that thirst with a satisfying drink like Idris. As much of it, too, as you could wish for!



BY APPOINTMENT

IDRIS

Table Waters

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



COL. CLARENCE BLUDDE-REDDE was touchy on the subject of curry. His favourite dish, but unhappily no-one could serve it as they served it in Poona in '98... The Colonel's lady viewed with apprehension the approach of each (inevitable) curry day. Until, in a flash of inspiration and daring—she served curry with Pan Yan, that delicious spicy pickle. For once the Colonel ate in silence till the end and then he said, "Ah!"... Music to the ears! For this was the Colonel's way of saying, "Superb! Pukka!"

Pan Yan { Of course, Pan Yan is not so easy to get nowadays. But the Colonel can put up with a lot for the sake of Victory.
MACONOCHEE BROS. LIMITED LONDON



SEAGERS regret

the unavoidable shortage of supplies of their Products is causing disappointment—certainly the Products themselves have never been known to disappoint! Till easier days return, our best advice is the old motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

SEAGERS

GIN - 22/6. EGG FLIP - 13/6.
COCKTAILS:

Super - 12/6. Full-strength 11/6.
SEGAVIN - 10/6.

Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

SEAGER, EVANS & CO. LTD.

Distillers of Fine Gin for over 135 years



Here is just the delicacy for invalids and convalescents

"OSBORN'S
PATUM PEPPERUM (The Gentleman's Relish)
is the ideal savoury
for invalids, convalescents and the fastidious. On toast it is the table delicacy par excellence.

**Osborn's
PATUM PEPPERUM
THE GENTLEMAN'S RELISH**

Also ask for OSBORN'S Anchovy Paste, OSBORN'S Sausage Sauce and OSBORN'S Anchovy. Still supplied at pre-war prices. Obtainable from all the best Grocers, Stores, etc. Every endeavour will be made to meet all demands. We cannot supply

Send for FREE RECIPE BOOK to Dept. P.
C. OSBORN & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.16
(EST. 1828)

W.L.A. ALWAYS MAKES
ME THINK OF
WILKINSON'S
LIQUORICE
ALLSORTS



September 9 1942



Romary Biscuits remain, as always, the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship . . . to taste them tells you that.

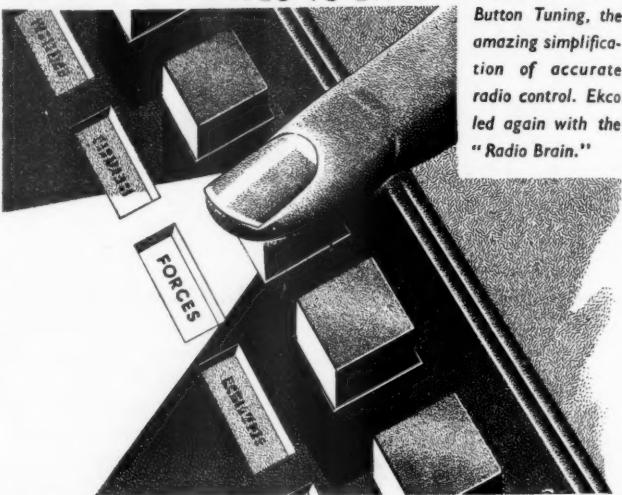
Some of the pre-war Romary biscuits can no longer be made; but Romary's offer—in limited quantity—the best that wartime ingredients can make. Restrictions on transport also mean that Romary biscuits are no longer available in certain parts of the country . . . a sad necessity.

We, like you, accept these limitations for the sake of a supreme cause, to which all that is finest in our British way of life must be dedicated.

ROMARY'S 'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

(Registered Trade Mark)

WHAT YOUR RADIO OWES TO EKCO



EKCO were first in this country with Motorised Press-Button Tuning, the amazing simplification of accurate radio control. Ekco led again with the "Radio Brain."

EKCO first with 'Mechanised' Radio

Maybe your radio is not an Ekco. Nevertheless, it owes much to the influence of Ekco technicians, who have always been in the fore-front of radio design. When "domestic radio" is once more our main concern, Ekco will still be there—leading the Industry!

• Light up with Ekco Lamps •

E. K. COLE, LTD., EKCO WORKS, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

LOOK FOR THE KING ON THE BAND

KING SIX
CIGARS

10½d each In Cartons of 2 and 5, Boxes
of 10, Cabinets of 50.

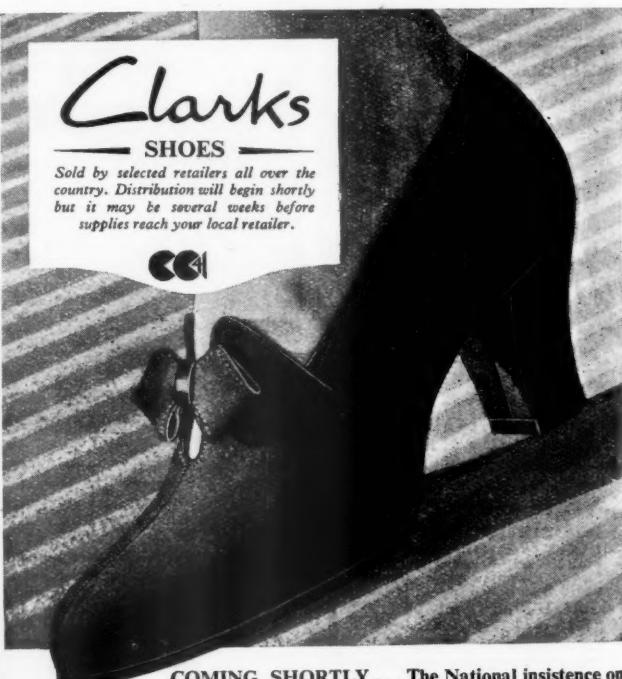


Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd., makers of fine cigars for over 100 years. royds 13/42

Clarks

SHOES

Sold by selected retailers all over the country. Distribution will begin shortly but it may be several weeks before supplies reach your local retailer.

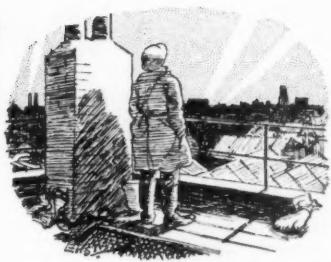


COMING SHORTLY . . . The National insistence on Utility Footwear has proved that, in the hands of good designers and fine craftsmen, fashion need not fly out when austerity comes in. Clarks, who have been making beautiful shoes for more than a century, will present shortly a style range of Utility Footwear for autumn. MADE BY C. & J. CLARK LTD., (WHOLESALE ONLY) STREET, SOMERSET (and by Clarks (Ireland) Ltd., Dundalk)



ROUND

OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5298

September 9 1942

Charivaria

GENERALLY speaking, the British wife has received very well the announcement that she must make her husband's clothing coupons last her much longer.

A Battersea man told a magistrate that when he asked for a tin of milk his grocer gave him a thick ear. How many points for that?



Charged with an offence before a military court, a Berlin civilian was found not guilty and given his freedom, as it is called.

returned to London. The proprietor would soon alter that.

HITLER has appointed a new Minister of Justice. In case there is any left.

An American music-hall impersonator billed as "The Man With Fifty Faces" said in an interview that he was born in London. He started life, we understand, in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials.

In a Jam

"The Russian Command, realizing the German threat, concentrated preserves north and east of Voronezh."

Daily Despatch.

A naturalist says that a wasp will sting fiercely at the end of the summer. And at the end of the wasp.



A German scientist is reported to have gone to Spain to study a total eclipse. He could have found a better one in Italy.

More and more Germans are living in Italy. When he has time the FUEHRER may take up another case of an Oppressed Majority.



An ex-motorist who now cycles to his office says he notices things on the road he never noticed before. For instance, what he used to think was a paling fence are really telegraph poles.

It is pointed out that professional golfers use a ball with an extra hard core which causes it to travel further. They also hit it harder.

In his memoirs a famous physician recalls the first prescription he wrote as a young doctor. It was legible.

The other day a rabbit was seen running along the platform of an Underground station. A busman's holiday.

Impending Apology

"By spring more than 10,000 women tractor drivers will be working in the fields.

Similar large figures are reported from other regions."—*Warwickshire Paper*.

We rather admire the patriotic citizen who photographed his house and sent his friends postcards marked with a cross to denote the bedroom he occupied during his summer holiday this year.

Any Old Iron

SIR.—The following correspondence has passed between Mr. Albert Haddock, the ex-author, and Mr. Smith, his literary agent:

Mr. Smith to Mr. Haddock

DEAR HADDOCK,—I have received a letter from your American publishers, Messrs. D. and Co., which explains itself. They write:—

"The War Production Board has requested us, as it has all publishers, to melt down and make available to the war effort all plates which have not been printed from for a period of from four to five years.

"From time to time we have written our authors in connection with older plates, suggesting that we have permission to melt, or that the author might wish to take over the plates. This request is different, for now the Government needs metal desperately, and wants the plates melted, *not sold*. The metal released is not for re-use in the publishing industry, but must be turned over to certain salvage firms licensed to receive it.

"Under the circumstances we are therefore writing to advise you that the plates for the titles listed at the bottom of this letter come under the time-period mentioned by the War Production Board and to ask your permission to turn them into war channels. . . ."

So far as you are concerned this letter refers to the following books:

A Horse! A Horse!
All Passion Spent
Three Years in a Barn
How to Write (in six lessons)
The Fish in the Home
Shakespeare and the Sea
Love

and, subject to your approval, I propose to say to Messrs. D. and Co., that they can go ahead as they propose. Indeed, in the circumstances I don't think we have any option in the matter.

Yours sincerely,
A. R. SMITH.

Mr. Haddock to Mr. Smith (telegram)
BY NO MEANS STOP WRITING STOP
AM I TO UNDERSTAND MY MASTERPIECES
TO BE TURNED INTO UTILITY LIGHTERS
HADDOCK.

Mr. Smith to Mr. Haddock (telegram)
YES STOP OR TANKS STOP POSSIBLY
BULLETS SMITH.

Mr. Haddock to Mr. Smith (telegram)
REPLY DEPLORABLY VAGUE STOP

WIRE IMMEDIATELY NUMBER OF TANKS ESTIMATED ACCRUE FROM MY ENTIRE LITERARY OUTPUT STOP AND IS IT THE RIGHT METAL FOR TANKS ANYHOW WRITING HADDOCK.

Mr. Smith to Mr. Haddock (telegram)

ENDEAVOURING OBTAIN REQUIRED INFORMATION STOP MEANWHILE UNDERSTAND NO GUARANTEE LIKELY YOUR BOOKS DEVOTED ANY PARTICULAR BRANCH WAR EFFORT STOP NEED URGENT FOR MISCELLANEOUS SCRAP SMITH.

Mr. Haddock to Mr. Smith

MY DEAR SMITH.—I must say that I was shocked by D.'s letter—and even more by the cool way in which you seem to take an impudent and unrighteous proposal. It may well be that the books in question have passed their prime as revenue-producers both for you and me; but I had always hoped, and believed, that our relations were not wholly founded upon £ s. d.; and here, I should have thought, would have been a point where you might have cared to make a stand on principle for the whole craft of Letters. Instead of which, you meekly surrender the fort without a shot.

What, after all, are we fighting for? That the human mind, and the things of the mind, be free; and that what, for want of a better word, is called the Culture of the Free United Nations (especially, of course, the English-speakers) should remain steadfastly alight through the present storms, ready when peace comes at last to illuminate the areas of darkness under tyrant rule. I am not alone, I know, in thinking that in the Culture of the United Nations my Works deserve to hold no mean place; but I do not wish to make too much of that. I stand for Principle.

Our own Government, to do them justice, struck a fine blow for the Principle when, on consideration, they withdrew the proposal to put a Purchase Tax on books. Other public acts have done it less than justice. We are invited to fling old books indiscriminately to the salvage man; and the production of new ones is made increasingly difficult by the severity of the demands on man-power and the restriction of supplies. But

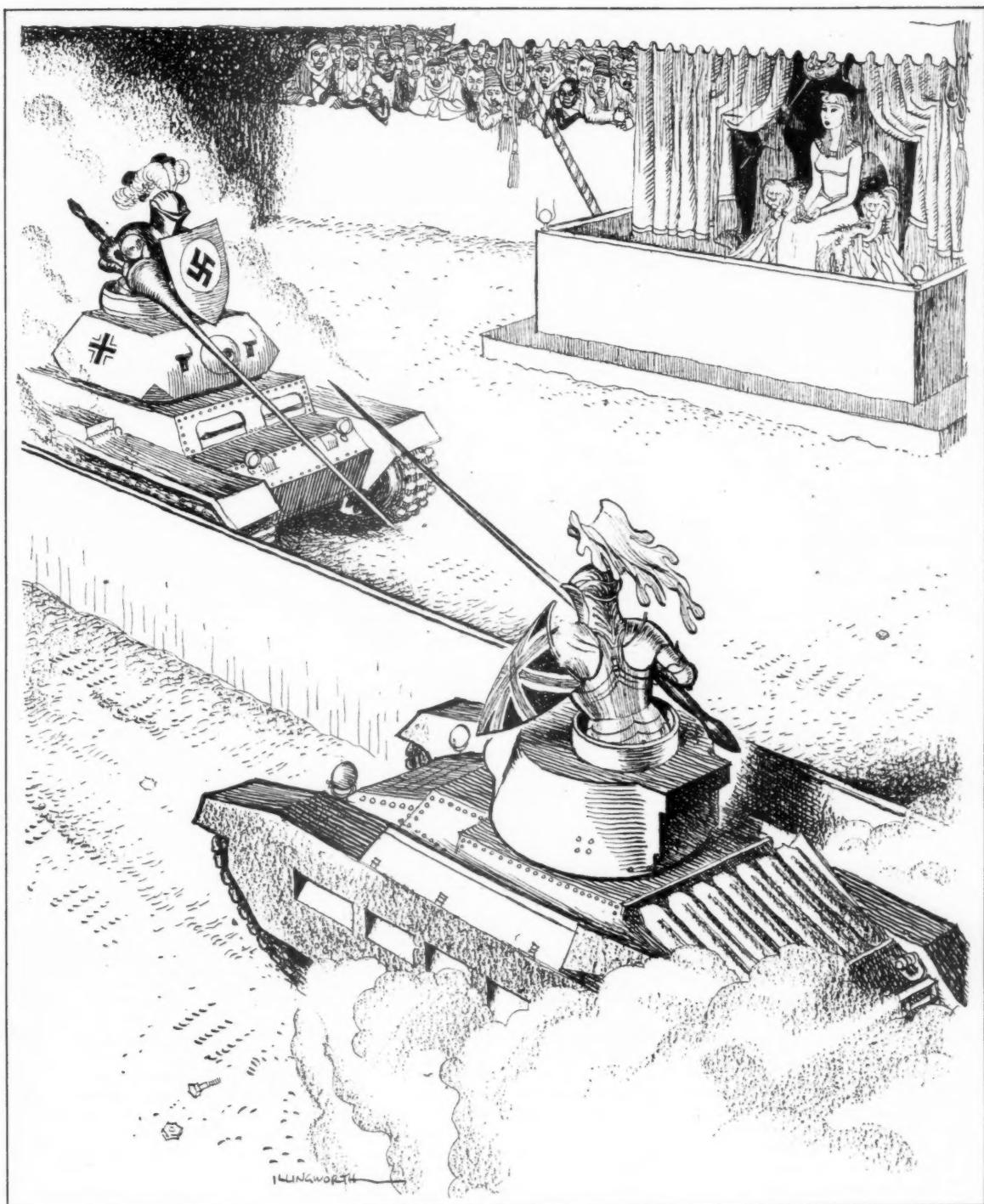
nothing so barbarous as the present plan has yet been considered necessary in Britain, however clamorous the need for metal.

You will remind me, no doubt, that the Works to be melted "into the war channels" are only those which have not been reprinted, because there was no demand, during the past five years; and that this acquires the deed of any injustice or impropriety. But is not this to put a fantastic premium upon cheap and easy contemporary popularity, and to ignore the special circumstances of the time? Taste changes: circumstances change: but Art (including, I shyly believe, many of my Works) is eternal. Take the Work *Love* (and, by the way, I am still waiting to hear from you how many tanks, bombers, utility-lighters, or even bullets they expect to construct from the plates on which those fifteen brief and delicate lyrics are inscribed). Naturally, during the past five years, when feud and force and hatred have occupied so much of the cosmic mind, a Work like *Love* may have shown a tendency to pass into the background. On the other hand, since wars or rumours of wars began, I am told, a Work like Count Tolstoy's *War and Peace* has sprung back into the position of a "best-seller." Five or six years ago, I imagine, if anyone had said: "All books not reprinted in the last five years shall be destroyed," Count Tolstoy's Work would have perished ignominiously. In the same way, when the present struggle is over, *War and Peace*, I have no doubt, will fade away again. Men will be sick of war, and they will have no book of war about them (though this will in no way diminish the merit of the Russian Work). But they will be eager to be instructed in the arts and enjoyments of Peace; and I expect that there will be a big demand for *Love*. Smith, it will be a sad day for the returning soldier and sailor when he is told that he cannot have *Love*, because in the year 1942 some panicky and unenlightened administrator chose to melt down *Love* into the war channel. I yield to no man, as you know, in my admiration for the United States and my readiness to suffer in the cause of victory; but this, as I have said, is a Matter of Principle, and I shall have to consider my final answer most carefully.

Yours sincerely
ALBERT HADDOCK.
P.S.—O.K.

A. P. H.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



THE BATTLE FOR THE NILE



"He saw ME first!"

My First Novel

If Margaret Delacroix had taken the trouble to remove the corpse of the pavement artist from the foot of the stairs this story would never have been written. But I must try to remain cool and set down in chronological sequence the events which led up to the unfrocking of the Rev. Morgan Sauerpus.

Jack Stanchelot was barely eighteen years old when he first entered the billiards saloon which was to play so sinister a rôle in his affairs. He was then a mere slip of a boy bearing no resemblance to the bent creature (hair greying at the temples) with whom Lady George Foxfield was to become so surprisingly entangled.

Could the leading characters of this drama have foreseen, as I believe I

can foresee, the tragic results of their thoughtless indulgence, we may be quite sure that they would each one have hesitated to make that ill-fated trip on the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostock. Not that there was anything wrong with that remarkable example of engineering skill—far from it. But who, I ask, would care to predict that the cow-catcher of the 7.23 from Omsk would contain the bodies of Prince Szetsibah of Occa and his morganatic spouse when it reached Lake Baikal?

But I anticipate.

Jack Stanchelot (remember he was barely eighteen) pushed open the swing doors of the billiards saloon and strode in. Looking back, the swinging of those doors must have appeared tragically

symbolic to Jack Stanchelot. We are entitled to ponder how many times in later life, when the gallows were his constant companion, Jack was reminded (with something akin to nostalgia) of the steady pendulum-like swing of those doors of the billiards saloon. He looked around with the attractive nonchalance that brought him so many friends until the Goddess of Avarice took a hand in that evil-smelling grotto at Cannes. There was a man with a heavy moustache and a dark mole on the left cheek, just where the Whig hostesses of the eighteenth century used to wear their beauty-spots. Jack did not recognize the man now, in spite of the tell-tale hirsute growth and mole, but he would have little difficulty in doing so twenty-

two years later, by which time the two men had become acquainted over the card-tables at Ostend. But there was yet another man there in the saloon—a man of medium build with extravagantly long arms. It was to this man that Jack spoke. What he said then is of little importance. It is what he said after the man of medium build had answered his first question that is significant. He said, "Penny each, seven for sixpence." That these words, smoothly spoken, should contain the clue to one of the most astounding mysteries of all time, a mystery that baffled the police of five continents, seems foolish, even fantastic. Under what different circumstances was Jack Stanchelot to repeat those words thirty-seven years later! Picture a room just as thick with smoke as the billiards room, with just as many billiards-tables and just as much grit on the floor, but a room far from Winchester—as far as Dallas (Texas). The events leading up to Jack's appearance in Dallas (Texas) will be contained in the fourth and fifth chapters. Suffice it to say here that he would never have made the trip but for that anonymous letter which was surcharged threepence.

When Jack had spoken he turned on his heel so that he faced a direction some ninety degrees different from his former position. It was a characteristic gesture. Years later that gesture betrayed him to the butler of Hazle-dean Towers on the occasion of the disappearance of the famous Hazle-dean diamonds.

But I anticipate.

Reading through the above, the writer is struck by the remarkably efficient way in which he has unwittingly imitated the style of a certain modern novelist. It is even likely that the same forces have been at work—moulding a breath-taking command of English to the subject on hand. Forty years from now . . .

But I anticipate.

○ ○

Detachment

WHEN Cadets leave the O.C.T.U. they take with them the large notebooks that they have filled during their months of training. These books are to the young officer what Mrs. Beeton used to be to the young housewife.

"Never part from your notebook," was Colonel Applesea's final advice to us. "You will rarely be at a loss if you have your notebook by your side. Whether you have to supervise the

construction of a Nissen hut, dine in the Brigade mess; or fine a man for drunkenness, you will always find the correct procedure in your notebook."

It was typical of Second-Lieutenant Sympson's bad luck that he should post his notebook to his new address and that the Postmaster-General should lose it, either because the address was indecipherable or because Sympson's zeal for economy led him to wrap it insecurely.

"It's lucky it doesn't contain any vital secrets," he said; "but in any case it wouldn't matter very much, because nobody but myself can read my writing."

During our first few days at Company H.Q. the loss of the notebook did not matter, because we were under the eye of long-suffering Captain Pilton, who was quite willing to answer questions. On the fourth day, however, Sympson was summoned to the Major's office, and he tottered out looking rather pale.

"Conkleshill, old man," he said, "I'm being sent out to Burghesher to take charge of our detachment there. Will you lend me your notebook?"

I declined at once. In the first place I was sure he would either lose it or cover the pages with drawings of beautiful girls, and in the second place I thought I might be needing it myself in a few days. In the Pioneer Corps they have a habit of putting brand-new officers in charge of detachments, hoping that they will learn to be officers in the same way that some people learn to swim by being thrown without warning into deep water.

So Sympson arrived at Burghesher without his notebook. He was met by his sergeant, and he says that it gave him a queer creepy feeling to see a real live sergeant carrying his bag for him to his billet, when only such a short time before he would have been carrying the sergeant's bag.

"I'll call for you when you have lunched, sir," said the sergeant, "and take you down to the huts that we are erecting for the A.T.S. We're having a bit of trouble with the floors, and I shall be glad of your advice. The Garrison Engineer is on leave and has left the job on my hands."

Sympson said that he would prefer the sergeant to go straight back to the job.

"I will find my own way there," he said. "We mustn't risk anything going wrong in your absence."

His real reason for wanting to go down alone was that he still felt embarrassed at walking through the streets with a respectful sergeant, but he did not mention this.

As soon as he had finished lunch he set off in search of the huts, and after a bit of trouble he found them. A rather fierce-looking Pioneer eating a cheese sandwich told him that the rest of the men were in the canteen washing down their lunch with a cup of Y.M.C.A. tea. Sympson thanked him courteously and said that he would look round and see how the job was getting on.

He walked from hut to hut, examining the floors carefully. They seemed to be perfectly good floors, but he supposed the sergeant had a very high standard of floors. Floors had played a very small part in Sympson's life hitherto, and he personally was prepared to take them as he found them.

He wandered happily from hut to hut, swinging his cane in a proprietorial sort of way, and then suddenly he had one of the biggest shocks of his life.

As Sympson entered the last hut by the door at one end, an officer with red tabs and a galaxy of crossed-sabres and crowns on his shoulder entered by the door at the other end. Each marched to the middle of the hut, and then Sympson smiled feebly and saluted.

"General Bung," said the other man, explanatorily.

"Lieutenant Sympson, sir," said Sympson, apologetically.

"These huts," said the General, "are for what?"

"For the A.T.S.," said Sympson.

"Ah!" said the General. "Job 29638. Excellent. Are you in charge here?"

"Yes, sir," said Sympson.

"Very good work," said the General, beaming, "and you are three weeks ahead of schedule. I shall keep my eye on you, Sympson. You are the sort of hustler we want. Good morning."

He flashed out, and Sympson wandered through the other door in a dream. Outside he found his own sergeant with the Pioneer, who was still eating the cheese sandwich.

"I wondered where you had got to, sir," said the sergeant, "so I came to look for you. This isn't our job. We are two hundred yards further down the street."

Sympson wrote to me the same evening and said that the notebooks were overrated. He was already earmarked for promotion, he added, without them.

○ ○

Dog's Chance

"Fire Watchers wanted, nights, Barking." *Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Zoo

THE moment Joan and I decide on a visit to the Zoo memory begins to operate. How long is it since I was there last? A year, eighteen months maybe. Before that another year. And so on, with the intervals growing less, into childhood.

Then, out of the blue, my grandfather, with his shantung suit and astonishing manners, would come to town, the word "zoo" would be whispered, and off we'd go, the whole family—Grandpa, Papa and Mamma, my little brother, and myself not much larger.

We—the children—used to walk in front. We were very properly dressed, because, as Grandpa said, it wouldn't do to be mistaken for the animals. Little boys who went to the Zoo looking like scarecrows might easily find themselves locked up in a cage for the rest of their lives.

Grandpa's jokes, like his cigars and bits from Byron, were one of the things that made us revere him, probably because we never realized how far they were jokes. We tasted them in secret—like the cigars. They made us happy and rather sick.

We looked, for example, surreptitiously for the little boys behind bars. Where, though, where? Here was a monkey sitting huddled up, while the others played touch, scratched or gorged on cherries. My brother felt certain this must be one of the luckless boys. I wasn't so sure. The monkey looked sad, but he also looked very old—older than Grandpa—and he came from India, which is where Grandpa came from. He belonged, in my opinion, to another of Grandpa's "jokes." Whenever Grandpa came to a cage with the word "India" in brackets after the animal's name he would utter a few words in Hindustani to see how the animal took it.

"Kutch pawani," he said to the sad monkey, "pinnika pani! That means," he added, turning round to us, "Never mind, there's always water." The monkey, however, took no notice.

But the magic words produced a terrible scene in the lion-house. We were gazing, with chins resting on the barrier, at a stupendous tiger whose angry stripes and bared teeth made us quiver. Between his paws was a huge red bone from which he flayed the meat. "Kutch pawani," said Grandpa, "pinnika pani." The tiger stopped eating, sprang up, snarled at Grandpa, roared, and the whole house roared with him. Tigers in other cages, lions,

leopards, panthers, ran to and fro, bellowing. The lion-house echoed from end to end, shuddered: the bars would come loose! Grandpa was delighted. "That fellow's from Bengal, you see—a man-eater. If a native walked by just now he'd go stark staring mad." Who would go mad, the native or the tiger? Both, no doubt. Luckily there were no natives in sight.

The ride on the elephant reconciled us to a more peaceful India, and my brother and I were rajahs as—along with half a dozen companions—we advanced majestically down the avenue where people, sitting on benches, shrank away and paid tribute in the form of buns or pennies. The elephant never swallowed a penny or passed a bun by mistake to the keeper. He was very wise, and always bowing; he was the largest of the elephants, and his eye did not seem to belong to a face, and you could kick him without his noticing. It was the keeper who noticed.

We ate buns ourselves and gave them to a bear (a gentle bear no taller than we) who stood up and waved through the bars moaning quietly. So many of the animals seemed to be saying something in a muffled voice, that I couldn't help wondering which among them might be the little boy who had been locked up, as Grandpa said.

I could fancy myself turning into a squirrel or a mountain-goat or even a penguin, but not, somehow, a peacock or a giant ant-eater. My nickname at school was "The Goat," and I was rather frightened of these creatures, perched on jags of rock, very daredevil and sour, reeking—it seemed to me—with wickedness. I was afraid that in some way I was a goat and would be compelled later on to join them. Me, with my dread of heights! I passed the goat-mountain, stuck up in the blue like an Alp, without daring to look. If Grandpa had been inspired to "joke" about this, I should have cried.

Grandpa, by the way, was exactly like the llama with the pony cart. It was funny to see them meet, Grandpa smiling and producing a camera, while the llama, shaking his harness, looked offended. And I remembered Grandpa had told us how in India people can be animals in another existence. A wolf this time, a butterfly the next, according as you have behaved.

My brother thought that the penguins might be little boys, because they

walked like Charlie Chaplin and got angry and people laughed so much.

And then in the parrot-house a voice suddenly asked us the time and that made my mother jump. What really surprised us, though, was that it wasn't a parrot but a bird like a starling. It was the Indian Minah, from India of course, but for some reason Grandpa forgot to speak to him in Hindustani. Instead he pulled out his hunter and said "A quarter to five."

Almost the best thing at the Zoo was tea among the Fellows. Grandpa knew several Fellows, who winked and dropped crumbs and poked at things with their canes and stretched their legs and yawned. One of them took the wolves for a run every morning and said there was nothing like taking the wolves for a run to give you an appetite. Early in the morning, he said, there were a lot of animals walking outside their cages.

Then we were taken by a keeper behind the scenes to stroke a lion. How friendly he was! said everyone. When he growled Grandpa said, "Listen to him purring." My brother gave a howl. I should have howled too if I hadn't been so old.

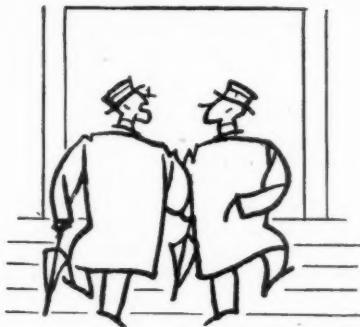
But the strangest thing was when a mouse ran out of the cage and under Grandpa's legs. Then everyone hopped and screamed, and my father said it was time to go home.

On the way back Grandpa told us how in India a little native boy will take the cattle through the jungle and beat off a full-grown tiger with his stick.

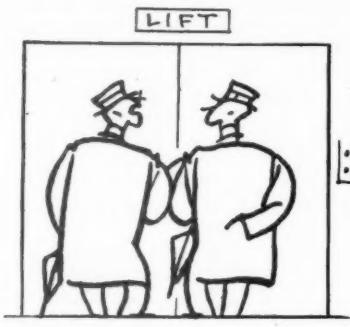
For weeks afterwards I dreamt of nothing but tigers. It was always the same dream and the tiger was chasing me in a palace, and after flying along corridors I came to a large hall with doors on all sides. I made haste to close the door behind me and all the other doors so that the tiger shouldn't get in. But when I had locked the last door there was the tiger, who had slipped in and hidden behind a curtain, advancing now to spring.

"Too many cookies," said the doctor when he learnt about my nightmares; "and don't give him buttered toast."

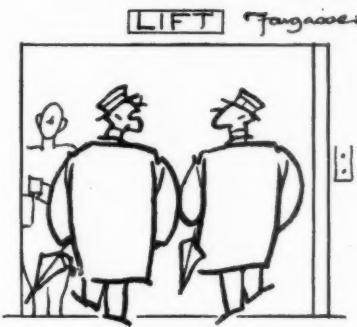
So my brother, who didn't have nightmares, ate chocolate cake and doughnuts and buttered toast, while I was only allowed seed-cake, until I got tired of this and said I didn't have tigers any more. Which wasn't strictly true, because the tigers were growing bigger and fiercer every night; but I had found ways of dealing with them.



"No, there's no excuse for taking a lift nowadays, instead of—



walking. I know some people say they find it difficult to—



break the habit, and that they take—

Parts of Speech

A Memoir of September 1939

IT is now possible to reveal that on the day before war was declared I was orderly officer.

Since this rôle kept me late at the Depot, I had chosen the same evening for my first English class. These classes had only just been arranged, in order to enable N.C.O.s to work for promotion, and I had begun to explain the use of pronouns to Corporal Thick, who had supposed they were something to do with *pronounce*, when a messenger looked in to say that something urgent was coming over the phone.

Of course it was the first of the code-words on which we were to "take action," so my English class was nipped utterly in the bud, and Corporal Thick entered the war against Hitler in a state of complete ignorance of the use of pronouns.

When the purport of the code-word was understood, it became clear that the orderly officer would have to spend the night in the office from then onwards, and I sent out for a camp-bed. Then I sat down at the table, took a sheet of foolscap, ruled two lines down it, and headed the three columns "Time," "Messages Received," and "Action Taken." The pregnant particulars that followed are being piously preserved in the archives of the Depot and will eventually contribute to the opening chapter of one of many official histories of the war.

The code-messages continued to arrive, and presently the Colonel arrived too to inquire after them. He was wearing green tweeds with a deer-stalker hat, and he carried two bottles of beer and two tankards.

I mention these details in order to suggest the dauntless spirit in which we entered the greatest conflict in history.

When we had done honour to the occasion he mentioned that he had been dining with one Major Bludgeon of our corps.

"He says they've nobody at Mugghampton who knows any drill, and wants to know whether we can spare an N.C.O."

I considered for a moment and then said:

"We can certainly spare him an N.C.O., but whether he'll thank us for the gift is more than doubtful."

"Who's your man, then?"

"Corporal Thick. But his standard of intelligence—"

"Oh, never mind about that! Arrange for him to report there to-morrow. I'll tell Bludgeon we can do it. Well, here's luck to the war!"

We drank that cryptic toast and he departed.

It was only a few days later that Major Bludgeon rang up from Mugghampton. I took the message, and he then added:

"By the way, we've got a man of yours here. Er—Thick."

"Quite," I answered. "How's he getting on?"

"Fine!" replied the Major. "I thought you'd like to know he's putting them through it on the Square. I've made him an acting sergeant-major."

"What!"

"Oh, I assure you, we'd be lost without him."

"But he was in my English class the other day, and he couldn't even understand what a pronoun was!"

Major Bludgeon gave a laugh.

"He's not using pronouns, old boy! He's using adjectives, and he knows the whole — lot."



the lift unconsciously—



but that's all nonsense—



and I'd deal with them severely."



"Are you the man who keeps calling himself my obedient servant?"

H. J. Talking

SO far I have not told you anything which might lead you to the belief that I have an aunt called Professor James. This, however, is so, and cooking is what she is professor of, though originally she studied the Aztecs; but once she discovered an inscription which was an Aztec recipe for blancmange. When she tried to make it, owing to the translation of certain words being doubtful, it came out as a sort of grey meringue tasting of anchovy. This so interested her in cooking that she spent most of her time at it, thus leading the authorities to change the title of her Chair to be in accordance with the facts. She gave an inaugural lecture on "Soup," and during it no fewer than twenty-six kinds were served. Most of her teaching was, of course, done with post-graduate students, and some of the theses she supervised were on "Bramwell Brontë and the authorship of 'Mrs. Beeton'" and "Salads and the Rise of Capitalism."

All in all, this aunt was a well-qualified woman and also had a husband whom she forced to do many humiliating things, among such being to eat his way through the practical examination of the intermediate students, this inclining him to try to make away with her, though she weathered most of the poisons he tried fairly well. He also attempted to frighten her into a decline by covering his face with phosphorescent paint while she was sitting next to him in the cinema and intent on the film, but when she noticed she merely said coldly, "Pargiter, you've got

malaria; go straight home and dose yourself with quinine," she being a woman who had acquired great faith in her medical abilities when travelling after the Aztecs. Perdurability being what he found his wife, my uncle by marriage was driven to run away, and believing in having his footsteps guided by fate, he jabbed a pin into a map, and where he had to run to in consequence was the Eddystone Light-house, at which he was coldly received in consequence of the habit he had of sucking on a hollow tooth.

Like most delicate-minded people I have several fears, among them being that there will be misspellings on my tombstone and that I shall grow to be thought old-fashioned, and this once determined me to take a course to learn some of the new kinds of science which had grown up recently. I engaged a private tutor who advertised in the local paper that he taught all subjects, plus archery. His name was Tutor Leech, and at one time he had been a Member of Parliament and noted for his support of the suffragettes, who combined to knit him a cycling-suit of which he was very proud. To begin with he was not too anxious to teach me science, wishing me to take the London Matriculation in Latin, and, when I refused so to do, to study the flute, but I stuck to my guns, and science is what it was. He taught me many things I should not have found out for myself, such as how to predict the weather with the aid of trained ferrets and how to remove the salt taste from seaweed.

This Leech was the only man I have ever met who could crack his ears as some people crack their fingers. He told me he had often used this accomplishment to get a hearing in the House. He was, indeed, inordinately proud of it and apt to show off in public. Some people thought it could be dealt with by a by-law, but when this was tried those in favour of liberty held an indignation meeting and passed such strong resolutions that no more was heard of it. Another thing he could do better than most was blowing smoke, not just rings, which is normal, but squares, diamonds and parallelograms. He sometimes got his summer holiday free when shipping lines sent him on cruises to amuse the guests in this way.

I once asked him how he came to be a tutor, and he told me that his uncle had been in this line of business and made a thirty-year contract for the advertisement, which he inherited on his death, this causing him to conduct intensive self-education. He said he did not really gain very much, as all his pupils wanted different courses and

THE MOST IDEAL GIFT

THEY are the most ideal gift I have received, and just what we need for our job with the winter coming on us. So if you have any more to spare, do not forget us—we have a crew of over twenty."

So writes a recipient from the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND. We must respond to this further appeal. You would have us do so, we know, so please help us to meet the requirements of this tanker crew, and of all those in the Fighting Services who look to us for their extra comforts. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouvierie St., London, E.C.4.



"He says he thinks he's suffering from claustrophobia, Sir."

he had to pay out himself to tutors, this reducing the profit very seriously. He sometimes thought of going back into Parliament but could not think of a policy, support of the suffragettes being *vieux jeu*, as some people say. Apparently he had to have either a policy or charm, and for him that meant concentrating on a policy. None of the main political parties was very anxious for his support as he had the reputation of being a sneak, frequently calling the Speaker's attention to breaches of order by other members. He originally caused something of a sensation by wisely having his election address printed in invisible ink.

It now comes into my mind that you may be wondering why my Christian name is Harmony. When I was born the nurse came in and said to my father "Baby's come, sir." "How many?" asked my father, fearing triplets, but being a very well-educated man the question sounded like "Harmony," which the nurse took to be the name he had decided upon, and so it stayed that way, my mother being a meek woman, except about oysters, which she maintained should be eaten only where there was an "R" in the place, this excluding London. On the whole, my father and mother agreed fairly well, and one and all were much surprised when in the same week they published their autobiographies, making remarks about each other which were censorious in the extreme. My mother complained that my father wore hobnailed bed-socks, and my father accused my mother of serving chocolate éclairs at breakfast. All the dates relating to their married life differed in the two books, and this pleased reviewers, who had something to go on, and got them really long reviews.

So successful were these autobiographies that they

collaborated in a work called *Odds Bodkins: A Tale of the '45*, and it was a very historical novel indeed, but did not sell much until a friend got it adopted as one of the English set books in a proprietary examination he controlled. This was called "The Royal Central Board Examination," and was taken mainly by pupils of private schools who could not pass the more particular examinations run by universities. Nobody failed unless the school was in arrears with the fees. Strictly speaking the prefix "Royal" was misleading, as the candidate in question had not been a king but merely a Paramount Chief.

Three Years

THREE years—three years—and it has scarce begun!
Three years of waste, and wretchedness, and woe,
Since one man's lunacy put back the sun!
Yet—were we happier three years ago?

Three years. Our swords were rusty, and our souls;
And this old lion was despised of men.
Were we the people to defend the Poles?
The very Wop was laughing at us then.

He is not laughing quite so much, I hope:
We are not quite so comic as before.
Respected, feared, we stumble up the slope,
And march, if God commands, for three years more.

A. P. H.



". . . and you double the drums and changing the number cards."



"You go to the pictures a lot, Elsie—what have we got that tastes like 'chili con carne'?"

The Revolving Door

ONLY on two occasions has the revolving door been fitted to cottage property. The first was based on an idea by a man named Smith who was trying to cure habitual laziness through lying in bed. Though he knew his cure would take a long time he was very patient, and it grieved him to hear his wife turning the mangle day after day, she having to take in washing in order to earn money for the nourishing foods he needed for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper. Smith also suffered in his ailment by his four children constantly running in and out of the house. Repeated slamming of the door nearly drove him frantic and almost brought about an instantaneous cure of his lethargy. This would have been too much in the nature of a miracle, and Smith wasn't a believer in miracles.

Smith's idea, then, was to order a revolving door geared up to the mangle. The youngsters, being highly delighted, redoubled their energies and Mrs.

Smith was able to double her attendances at the cinema. This was home life at its best, the happiest member of that happy family being Smith himself, overjoyed by the fact that he'd be bedridden for life.

The other case, however, wasn't so happy. Brown, a retired sailor, also fitted a revolving door to his cottage and, like Smith, geared it up to the mangle. Unlike Smith, Brown operated the door himself, pushing it round and round, lustily singing shanties—some learnt at sea, others over the wireless—whilst his wife fed the washing into the rollers.

But one evening Mrs. Brown, wanting to wring out an odd piece of household linen without sea shanty accompaniment, unknown to her husband, put a hand-wheel on the mangle and began to turn. This naturally reversed the mechanism, thereby rotating the door. Consequently Brown, who was sitting in the outside compartment placidly smoking and enjoying the wide view

over the Weald of Kent, suddenly received a terrific swipe in the side and found himself gazing in a bemused manner at snow on Ben Nevis. For some time he couldn't fathom this remarkable case of transmigration, until, seeing his wife busily mangling apparently at the foot of the Scottish mountain, he realized that Ben Nevis was one of the pictures on the kitchen wall. Picking himself up out of the scuppers, he gave his wife a lingering look of reproach similar to the kind he'd often given to pirates, had the revolving door removed and another type fitted—nothing showy, just an ordinary door.

Which brings me to the conclusion that the hotel restaurant's revolving door may now, in the interests of fuel economy, be driving the hotel lift, thus enabling Mrs. Sprogge-Bottomley, as she sails in to dine, unwittingly to provide sufficient horse-power for hoisting a lift full of residents to the upper floors.



THE TOO-LOUD SPEAKER

"For heaven's sake don't annihilate them again; or they'll become a *First-class Power!*"



"Is this the real thing or merely a reconnaissance?"

Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. Now that we are reduced to our basic petrol ration I find I spend a considerable portion of the working week standing in bus-queues, and I do not like to feel that this time is wasted. Could you suggest any occupation which would render such moments profitable to the City worker?

E. ST. M. FITZ-G. FORSTER-FORSYTHE.

A. After a tiring day in the office some light physical activity would be preferable to further brain-work; consequently, now that queueing in couples is compulsory for six or more, it is possible that we shall see a revival of English folk-dancing among City queuers. Such dances as "Shepherds' Hey," "Goddesses" and "Nancy's Fancy" should be popular with groups of six or eight, while the long progressive movements, "for as many as will"—"Butterfly," "The Maid Peeped Out of the Window," etc., would be great fun for larger numbers and should appeal

to the sporting instincts of the British queuer, as the last couple move up to first place after each figure, so that one would never be able to forecast exactly which persons would board the bus when it came.

* * * * *

Q. About Christmas-time we got rather low in china, through breakages, mother's wrist being liable to give on account of her age, also one of the lodgers said he was an old-time Russian and got the habit of pitching his cocoa mug into the hearth at nights after a heavy supper. I did not renew as my husband said it was best to wait till the lodger referred to was taken away, and now you can't get anything and it seems so common when people come to the house and we have to eat off odd things. Mother and me just don't know where to look.

Mrs. ELSIE TAPE.

A. It might be as well if the old lady looked steadily at whatever she happened to have in her hand. Otherwise, though you do not state what it is that is odd about the articles in question, we would say that it is less the oddity of one's china than the finesse with which it is proffered that counts in the long run. Be frank. Do not attempt to pass off the bottom portion of a tubular umbrella-stand as early Coalport or to pretend that that inverted cheese-cover glued into position on a crumb-tray was always your peace-time trifle bowl. Make rather a feature of these things. Remark coyly as you dispense tea, for instance: "May I give you the soap-dish, Mrs. Smith, or the enamelled holder from Auntie Clara's grave?" or "Pardon me, dearie, but you're going to cut your nose on the edge of that salmon tin." Study your guests' tastes. If you notice that Miss Brown seems to enjoy her soup out of a

blacking pot, see that next time she comes she does not get what used to be the parrot's seed-trough or that chipped shaving-mug left behind by the Russian lodger. Very likely you will find it tiresome when you have to go back to the uniformity of peace-time hardware.

* * * * *

Q. As mistress of the village school in Dodder-under-Water I do try to do my best to keep our children victory-minded in any little ways I can think of, such as avoiding dwelling on map changes since 1938, keeping my sewing-class busy with bits of bunting ready for the peace celebrations, and getting them to write little compositions on such subjects as "Post-war Life in Lower Dodder," "Where I would Open a Second Front," "An imaginary conversation between Mr. Gandhi, Lord Woolton and our Vicar," etc., yet I feel I am not pulling abreast with the times where mathematics is concerned. Could you advise me as to how the child can be kept war-conscious during arithmetic lessons?

ENA MEENER (Miss).

A. Posers of the following type would do much towards bringing the little ones into contact with existing conditions:—

E.g.—A queue numbering fifty-three persons waits outside a fishmonger's containing eleven neck-end steaks of cod and four pints of prawns. The leader of the queue took up her position at 8.10 A.M. and the shop opens at 2. Assuming that a tail-end fillet equals a dozen prawns and that the queue moves up at the rate of one person per $4\frac{1}{3}$ minutes, determine—
(a) At what time can an elderly baths-attendant who joined the queue at noon expect to be served? (b) What percentage of the shoppers will be compelled to move on to the tripe-dresser's next door? (c) Supposing the goods to be divided without favouritism, what portion does each receive? (Give your answer to the nearest prawn.)

And so on. Just think out little examples from the experiences of yourself and friends. You are doing a great work, Miss Meener.

* * * * *

Q. During recent Home Guard exercises my wife's step-nephew, a camouflage expert, was on leave and gave us a bit of help in camouflaging guns and other objects, including a Mr. Stallybrass who was acting assistant-adjudant for the defending side. Wilmot's suggestions were much commended, as the invaders failed to find

their objective; but, unfortunately, when manœuvres ended we were also quite unable to trace Mr. Stallybrass, and though no stone has been left unturned within the past ten days, nothing has come to light. It is very worrying for me as I feel largely responsible, and Wilmot is now abroad. Mr. S., seventy-three years old and 4 feet 10 inches in height, was well known as writer of the gossip column in a certain Sunday paper. He was last seen at the commencement of manœuvres by Corporal Halfpenny, who alleges he observed the missing assistant-adjudant disguised as a flowering bush of some kind in the vicinity of the local inn. FRED SPRIGGS (Sgt.).

A. As writer of a Sunday gossip column, Mr. Stallybrass is, I dare say, the imaginative type that would enter rather wholeheartedly into the spirit of the thing. Maybe he still thinks he is a flowering bush of some kind. Infra-red photography from the air would show the position of the helmet and buttons, of course, but personally I feel that there is a danger in breaking in on a dream-fantasy of the type illustrated by the behaviour of the assistant-adjudant in question, and that there is nothing to worry about so long as the summer weather lasts. Wait until the fall of the leaf, when, unless he is an evergreen, Mr. Stallybrass will be forced to lay his cards on the table.

* * * * *

Q. It has been our habit since girlhood to travel north for the Twelfth, but this year my sister and I decided to wait until trains were less congested. I am told that travelling still continues difficult. Is there anything we ought to know?

HEBE, Lady HOTCHKISS-SPROTT.

A. While it is as well to be prepared for sudden under-cover moves on the part of the railway company and dangerous concentrations of fellow-passengers at certain points, we would say that successful travel is largely a matter of equipment. The wear these days is hobnailed boots with padded toes and a one-piece suit of stout hessian, in detachable portions, as temperatures vary, and with reinforced seat. A dust-cap is worn over the hair and an oxygen-cylinder with attachment carried on the chest. Raw-hide gloves, spiked at the knuckles, complete the costume. The prudent pleasure-seeker will also add a pair of leather shin-guards and carry refreshment in dehydrated form. Happy landing, Lady Hotchkiss-Sprott!

Q. About eighteen months ago I lined my bomb-crater with concrete and turned it into a sunken garden with a few old-world flat slabs to act as seats. Last Sunday I was having a quiet afternoon in my winter onion-bed when a peculiar noise caused me to look round and I found, to my annoyance, that the sunken garden had practically disappeared from view. Still worse, I recalled that my wife's hat, her handbag with clothing coupons and points, and an old friend, a lady-drummer in the A.T.S. on leave with us, had all been on one of the old-world slabs at the time. With the aid of the local Home Guard our guest was brought up, but the incident has had unpleasant repercussions as a number of persons, hearing the commotion, rushed into the garden next door when I wouldn't let them into mine, to gratify their curiosity, etc., and remained leaning over the wall while operations were in progress. The result has been a little unpleasantness with our neighbour, as he says he holds us responsible for mischief done to his late turnips and spicy pinks, and threatens to sue. What is my legal position?

THOS. PEBBLEPUSH (Mr.).

A. A person who collects together a crowd of people to the annoyance of his neighbours by means of a display or exhibition commits a nuisance for which he is answerable, whether money is taken or not. Innocent intention is no excuse if a nuisance can be proved.

○ ○

Coast Raid

NO gulls with sleekness slide
On darkness so opaque,
Knowing not what shadows hide,
Who landward wake.

Wake, wait, and half aware
Scan every spinning star—
Tense for a splash, a flare
Falling from far.

No gulls with quiet breasts
But other craft now come
Where sea on shingle rests
When night is dumb.

Now etched across each bow,
Score upon sentry score,
The waiting ones crouch low
Watching the shore.

And crouching leap to land,
And now passion and power
Fill heart and brain and hand:
This is their hour.



"I'm afraid the Professor's will is going to be rather a shock to most of you."

Why Do We Dance?

THIS is a question which has been asked many times by philosophers, psychologists, and men who have been dragged into a Paul Jones. At this time of year, when every village hall is bracing itself to meet the shock of the approaching season of bi-weekly dances for the troops, it is a question which may well be asked again.

My friend Professor Chuffle has elaborated a rationale of ballroom dancing which deserves earnest consideration. He opposes vehemently, even violently, the popular pleasure-stimulus theory, which asserts, to put it in non-technical language, that a man dances with a girl because he enjoys doing so.

This fallacy, the Professor maintains, arises from an erroneous view as to the origins of ballroom dancing. The modern dance derives not from that desire to express feeling (the Emotive Urge) which is the root of solo dancing, from the frenzied tribal dance to its sublimation the ballet, but arises from a primitive impulse to overcome obstacles, to which he gives the name the Anti-Impedimental Instinct.

This instinct and its effect upon dancing have been examined with

scholarly exactitude by Professor Chuffle in an excursus to his exhaustive volume, *The Theory of Terpsichore* (Pantechnicon Press, 25/-). Briefly, he finds the function of the female in ballroom dancing closely analogous to that of, say, the bunker in golf. The essential basis of all sport, he insists, is the invention of artificial difficulties in order to produce an achievement-sensation by overcoming them. Lawn-tennis, for instance, would be much easier if there were no net and no baseline, and easier still if there were no racket and no ball.

This thesis he applies to the dance with illuminating results. The actual steps of the slow foxtrot, let us say, are not in themselves difficult. Any sober person with two legs and a sense of balance could learn them in ten minutes, and perform them by himself with the elegance and grace of a Santos Casani. But the anti-impedimental instinct in man would find no outlet in doing this. There must be something, so to speak, for the sense of achievement to bite on.

For this reason a female dancer is placed opposite to the male, and what was before an extremely easy process becomes at once decidedly difficult. The dancer soon discovers that a slow

languorous forward glide, which is child's-play when he is by himself, is considerably complicated when the girl opposite to him is doing three hurried quick-steps sideways. He finds that his attempt to sway smoothly into a reverse turn is by no means simple when the lady to whom he is linked mistakenly supposes that he is about to perform the Rumba. He realizes that even the simple action of beginning a feather-step outside his partner becomes a Herculean task when she misinterprets the movement as an indication that he has grown tired of her and is going in search of someone else, and consequently clings to him in motionless despair.

Girls of course differ considerably in their ability to offer adequate opposition to their partners. Some can provide no stiffer handicap than that of thrusting their hair into his mouth when he is about to try an intricate step. An expert, however, can anticipate exactly where the man intends to place his feet, and get there before him every time. A dance in such circumstances is pregnant with lively pedal interplay, and possesses (the Professor considers) something of the intensity of a brisk exchange of volleys in lawn-tennis. After such a dance is concluded (the Professor has noted) the man's sense of achievement is frequently so strong that he retires to the bar for the rest of the evening.

Now that Professor Chuffle has thrown such a flood of light upon the dancer's subconscious motive, there can no longer be any excuse for a young man pausing in the middle of the evening and asking himself the familiar question in bitterness of spirit and a torrent of perspiration. If he must go to a dance let him go with open eyes and unconquerable morale. If he merely wishes to enjoy himself he should take her to the local Granada.

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IS it really the view
Of the normal Hindu
That peace would ensue
If the British withdrew ?

Or is the storm due
To the work of a few
Who perversely pursue
Gandhi, Ghose and Nehru ?

You would think they'd eschew
Such ideas when they knew
They'd have Jap chaps in lieu
If the British withdrew.

F. S.

Parse, Friend . . .

REGINALD Maurice Dryden-Byrd of Merton College, Oxford, the Middle Temple and the South-Eastern Circuit, Barrister-at-Law, entered the schoolroom with his fellow Ordinary Seamen. The twenty of them were to sit for the educational test.

As the schoolmaster read out the preliminary instructions there was on our learned seaman's face that explicatory smile of a man who wishes the intelligent observer to realize that he is not acting the fool unwittingly. For he was not without conceit. Alone among the candidates, he had not taken voluntary school as a prelude to the task before him. Rejecting even the Captain of the Forecastle's advice, he had not so much as written out the multiplication tables in the lining of his cap.

He accepted his copy of the first paper—Arithmetic—with the nonchalant contempt of a batsman receiving a pretentious lob, then began to demolish it with that expression reserved for the other side's expert witnesses. The opening exchanges went in his favour. He solved the first two questions by a mental calculation, writing down the bare answers with a tolerant disregard for the warning that all rough workings must be shown.

Question Number Three seemed guileless enough. It inquired which would cost more and by how much—to complete a job with two hundred and twenty-eight men working $7\frac{3}{4}$ hours a day at 1s. $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. an hour for ten days, or to use four machines for 1·2673 of a day at an overhead cost of twenty-seven pounds eighteen and five pence per week per machine, plus a halfpenny for depreciation and E.P.T. But he began to realize its remoter possibilities when, after a rush effort, he suddenly found himself multiplying three-and-ninepence by sixpence halfpenny.

With indomitable patience he demolished the problem to its basic elements, which turned out in due course to be a multitude of farthings and seconds of varying and confused relationships. They grew more numerous and less tractable as he battled with them, but a process of ruthless aggression and extermination produced an answer. It was a fraction of such improbable proportions that he was still knocking it into more presentable shape when the schoolmaster brought his agony and the test-paper to an end.

Aggrieved but not dismayed, for

Maths had never been his strong point, he expected the English paper to restore his situation. But disaster loomed from the beginning. Neatly as he could turn a phrase, impressively as he could unfold an argument, flawless as was his literary taste, he was as weak as an inarticulate child when it came to parsing. And that paper was not having truck with much else. It might have been set to the theme: "Parse, friend, and all's well." This time the schoolmaster's approach was received not with resentful surprise but with abandoned dejection, that lowered through a thicket of adjectival conjunctions and adverbial dependant clauses.

All hinged on General Knowledge. A brilliant mark might add enough buoyancy to the linguistic and arithmetical stones around his neck to lift him over the border-line. With an avenging swoop of his pen he began to tell them "What is a cabinet minister."

It is not his fault if they don't know now. Having sketched the historical background, touched on ministerial responsibility, been rather clever about impeachment, detailed the functions

of the executive, and made a suggestive digression on the special position of a Secretary of State, he had barely begun to distinguish between positive law and convention, so far as the constitutional position of the cabinet was concerned, before the end came. Probably the schoolmaster's refusal to allow him three extra minutes to answer the remaining nineteen questions was not altogether free of malice.

So he has been put back three months, diagnosed as weak generally and bad in General Knowledge. School, which he now must attend, is no longer something to be funny about in correspondence. Chastened as he is, we who have his interests at heart assure him there is no ground for despair. Lots of good seamen are handicapped by our high educational standards. Moreover, the schoolmaster is confident that with co-operation and application he should, when he next takes the test, do quite well.

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"COUNTRY—Room and attendance in a quiet country cottage, for respectable lady who trusts in God."—*The Scotsman*.

And keeps her powder dry ?



"It's about my income-tax, Sir."

At the Play

"MAGIC" (ARTS)

THE MAGIC of G. K. CHESTERTON is a mystical comedy which has too often been dismissed as a piece of nonsense or, at best, as a deliberate mystification. The Arts Theatre Group is to be thanked for giving us another opportunity to make up our minds about it. It was first acted away back in the easy-oozy days of 1913, and that period's leading dramatic critic, A. B. WALKLEY, viewed and reviewed the piece as a shallow joke. He is, as always, delightful to read, and he catches the tone of the time quite without intending it. The theatre was the Little, and the mammoth author seemed almost too large for the building. But there he was, "all gay and Falstaffian, telling us he had no pretensions to being a writer, but that he did want us to believe in his opinions."

WALKLEY, airily and rather wantonly ignoring IBSEN's life-work, went on to say that the dramatist had no right to advance any opinions, and should be judged solely by his art, i.e., the quality and quantity and form of his intuitions. Hereabouts A. B. W. ceases to be airy and becomes a little heavy. He deplores CHESTERTON's lack of form: "Here he falls at once into line with the Shaws and the Barkers and the rest of the go-as-you-please school." And he resents that polemical insistence in CHESTERTON which proves to-day to be the most lasting and interesting virtue of his extraordinary play. "Evidently," said A. B. W., "Mr. Chesterton has a paternal affection for his conjurer. He would like us to think there's more in him than meets the eye. Instead of bringing rabbits out of hats he kept raising general—and rather flyblown—questions about the need for faith and the madness of unbelief, and so forth which are really not to be settled in the theatre."

No! The dear WALKLEY was a little

off-colour on November 7th, 1913, and should obviously have gone to Maskelyne and Devant's Theatre instead. He was even a shade uncritical. CHESTERTON was far too shrewd a man

mass of harm may have come of not believing in Apollo? Does it never strike you that doubt can be a madness, as well as faith? That asking questions may be a disease, as well as proclaiming doctrines? You talk of religious mania! Is there no such thing as irreligious mania? Is there no such thing in the house at this moment?"

The house—all this richly suggestive talk is conducted between a doctor and a parson, a credulous girl and a sceptical boy—belongs to a Duke whose joyous and sustained inconsequences keep the whole piece well away from the aridities of debate. He will cap the above torrent of questionings by coming in absent-mindedly and saying: "First there was Protoplasm—and then there was the Missing Link: and Magna Carta and so on. (Silence.) Why, look at the Insurance Act!" The

Duke keeps us all sane amid all this tortuous and angry reasoning. He is like the spirit of laughter. He is very amusingly played in the revival by Mr. STANFORD HOLME. Perfectly cast, too, is Mr. ALEC CLUNES as the conjurer, the most disturbing character of all, with his pregnant replies ("There is no bigot like the atheist") and his eloquent belief in real magic as well as sham. This play is full of mind and wit. Its lack of form is a tertiary consideration.



PUMPING THE CONJURER

Dr. Grimthorpe	MR. GRAVELEY EDWARDS
The Duke	MR. STANFORD HOLME
The Stranger	MR. ALEC CLUNES

to attempt to settle his disturbing questions in the theatre. He merely propounded them, and he had excellent



HYMEN

Natalya	MISS JOAN HICKSON
Lomov	MR. STANFORD HOLME
Tchubukov	MR. GRAVELEY EDWARDS

precedents and contemporaries—the Shaws and the Barkers—for choosing the theatre as a good place in which to do so. And what good un-flyblown propounding it is! "What harm came of believing in Apollo? And what a

Magic is preceded by *The Proposal*, one of TCHEHOV's amusing-enough little farces, though these always seem to suffer much from the stiffness both of English acting and of English translation. And in any case farce does not travel so well as comedy, since its humour largely depends on the exaggeration of habits familiar only to the author's fellow-countrymen. In *The Proposal* an old man, trying to arrange a match between an incompatible pair, is given a stock-phrase ending to almost everything he says. It runs: "And all the rest of it!" This is unfunny to begin with. At the fourth repetition it begins to exasperate. At the fortieth it finds us in a black, blind, un-Tchehovian rage.

A. D.

Backwards and Upside-Down

THREE was a little man in my carriage—a funny little man—and as soon as the train started I could see that he wanted to talk. He would look at me, look away when he caught my eye, clear his throat, open his mouth and close it again. I gave him no encouragement, of course. I hate talking in trains.

Suddenly, he could contain himself no longer, and without any introductory remarks whatsoever, jumped right into what I know now must be his favourite topic.

"I can write backwards," he said.

"Goodness gracious me!" I said. I had to say something, I suppose.

"Yes," he said. "I can write backwards. With my left hand I do it. I just write away on a piece of paper, and you think it is a lot of scribble. And then you turn the paper round against the light and you can read what I have written."

"Can I?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "And I can write with both hands at once. Backwards with my left and forwards with my right."

"And if I turn the paper round against the light," I said, "can I see forwards what you have written backwards, and backwards what you have written forwards?"

"Yes," he said.

"Oh," I said, "fancy that."

"I can also write upside-down," he said. "I just write away on a piece of paper and—"

"Turn it round against the light," I said.

"No," he said, "there is no need to do that if I am writing upside-down. You just turn the paper upside-down, and then the writing is rightside-up."

"I can hardly believe it," I said.

"And I can write upside-down with my left hand and rightside-up with my right hand at the same time," he said.

"No?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "and I can write backwards upside-down with my right hand at the same time as I write backwards rightside-up with my left hand."

"Good lord!" I said.

"And to see what I have written with my right hand," he said, "you have to turn the paper upside-down and then turn it round against the light, but to read what I have written with my left hand, you just have to turn it round against the light."

"Amazing," I said.

"About five years ago," he said, "a

man offered me five pounds a week for one week to do a five-minute turn between films in a cinema."

"Why, what do you do?" I asked.

"Write, of course," he said. "I've just been telling you. I can—"

"Oh, that," I said.

"But I turned it down," he said. "I told this bloke it was very, very clever and very, very amusing to be able to write all these different ways, but that I thought it was hardly a stage turn. People would be bored, I said."

"I quite agree," I said.

"He promised to fit me out with a revolving blackboard, and huge mirrors and things, so people could read what I had written, but I know my limitations. People do not want to spend their time in a theatre watching a chap writing things, do they?"

"No," I said, "nor anywhere else, for that matter."

"But I would like to show you," he said.

"Would you?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "but I have no pencil."

"Neither have I," I said.

"I could," he said, after a few moments of deep thought, "write with my finger on this dirty carriage-window. Then to see what I had written upside-down you could sort of hang head downwards from the rack. And to see what I had written backwards you could lean round through the carriage window."

"But," I said, seizing triumphantly on a glaring defect in his outrageous plan, "to see what you had written

backwards upside-down I couldn't very well hang from the rack and lean through the window at the same time, could I?"

"No," he said, rather sadly.

"And even if I could," I said, "I'm blown if I would."

This silenced him for a time, and he looked sad but very thoughtful, and I had an idea that he was planning further contortions for me.

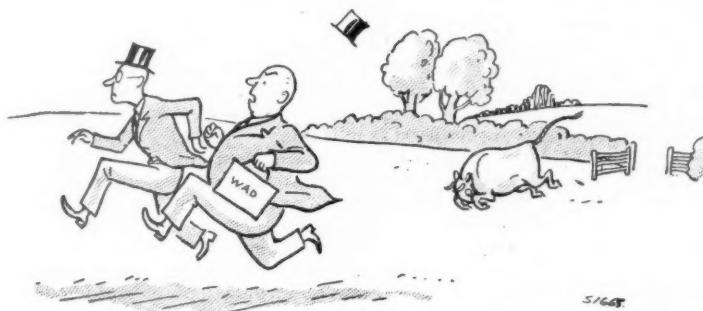
Fortunately the train drew in at my station before he had time to speak again, and I left the carriage with great relief, but not without wishing him a courteous farewell. He did not answer. He seemed annoyed at my departure, but whether it was because I had missed seeing his writing, or because he had missed seeing me hanging from the rack, I cannot tell.

I walked towards the barrier. I felt half inclined to approach the aged ticket-collector backwards and upside-down, and tell him that before he could see my ticket he would have to reverse me and turn me round against the light. I didn't, though.

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Autumn

IT'S blowing outside and raining,
And the rooks have gone to bed;
The house is quiet and peaceful
With the peace of "after tea."
The cows are taking shelter
In the dusk, and the pigs are fed;
Thus we remember England
Who serve her ships at sea. H. C.



"It's a good job that pig-headed old fool of a farmer ignored our instructions, or we'd have been running on ploughed land."



"This photograph's rather flattering, isn't it?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Originator of Journalese

THE biographer of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is to be envied. Here is a Victorian journalist, eminent in his own time and now almost forgotten, and a Victorian, besides, who was flagrantly the opposite of everything that seems implicit in the term. Nothing—not even a brief effulgence as an English country gentleman—was to make SALA respectable. He was continually in debt, he was often drunk, he fell out of a balloon, he broke promises, he quarrelled violently with distinguished persons, and in spite of a succession of London town-houses he had—and this perhaps was worst of all—no fixed address. Yet he had talent, and he had charm. A man so incorrigible, so witty, so vulgar, so rash, so hardworking as well as self-indulgent, must stand out even in an age remarkable for vigorous eccentrics. For SALA was eccentric in his career quite as much as in his character. "All his life," says Mr. RALPH STRAUS in *Sala (Constable, 18/-)*, "odd and unexpected things continued to happen to him." The fall from the balloon was only one of the first.

It is a rich biography. A childhood as full of hardships and vicissitudes as that described by TROLLOPE discharged him early into the wonderful Bohemia of London in the forties and fifties. He became in turn scene-painter, adapter of plays and writer of pantomimes, caricaturist, engraver, versifier, illustrator and free-lance journalist. There were plenty of mushroom periodicals, many of them in imitation or detraction of *Punch*, to provide an adaptable young man with some sort of bare living. Yet it was characteristically an accident that started SALA in the career in which he was to be famous. He went home one night without his key, and rather than ask friends for a bed—though he was not notably considerate—he walked the streets all night. His experiences furnished him with an article that DICKENS

accepted for *Household Words*, and SALA was at last a journalist with a powerful protector. He had still to establish himself, but his mind was made up.

This was the starting-point from which, after his connexion with the *Daily Telegraph*, all his grown-up adventures and travels were to set out. His work soon took him all over Europe, to Russia three times, to India and America and Australia, and from each journey he brought back material for a book. In between journeys there were novels—praiseworthy for their interesting asides if for little else—leader after leader for the *Daily Telegraph* (Mr. STRAUS suggests that SALA's exuberant style may be the original fountain of journalese), weekly articles elsewhere, lectures, editorships, even pamphlets for advertising. The range of his writing is nearly as prodigious as the amount he wrote. Yet it is doubtful if SALA was happy. All his life was a struggle to clear himself of debt, though for many years his earnings were considerable. But life as a man about town and Bohemia was full of temptations, and the temptations were irresistible. There was always good food to eat, good liquor to drink, friends—some of them far more eminent than he—to be entertained, houses to be taken and expensively furnished, a devoted wife to keep, and later on, a second wife to be launched on a journalistic and social career when all he longed for was the means to retire in comfort. It is not an uncommon or even particularly interesting situation, and yet one cannot but be sorry for him. If you are at heart a Bohemian your destiny too is likely to be Bohemian. All your life nothing turns out quite as you expect. You are a friend of THACKERAY and DICKENS, you dine with the Prince of Wales, you are beaten up in a rough-house in Panton Street, you meet the Tichborne Claimant and the King of the Sandwich Isles, you are dull with Mrs. LINCOLN; you drink and you make and lose money, you plan a voyage to Russia by balloon, you have a passion for books and are obliged to sell two or three libraries, and in the end you die, "dreadfully tired," in the middle of writing an article entitled "Bedrooms on Wheels." It is certainly not respectability, but can it be, after all, romance?

J. S.

The Birth of a Capital

Washington, when the American Civil War began, was a ramshackle provincial town which, though the business of government was transacted there, exercised only a very loose control over a divided and extremely heterogeneous country. By the close of the great struggle, owing to the centralizing effect of a long war, it had become the working capital of the Union. Miss MARGARET LEECH has given a detailed and brilliant account of these crucial years in *Reveille in Washington, 1860-1865* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 18/-). She opens with a picture of the capital as it was in 1860, a rowdy, sprawling, unfinished place, "a Southern town, without the picturesqueness, but with the indolence, the disorder and the want of sanitation." During the first week of the war, Washington, a border town, unprepared to meet any attack, lay open to the rebels. The arrival of a regiment from New York heartened the citizens, but many months were to pass before the capital began to show any real enthusiasm for the conflict. Many of its inhabitants sympathized with the South, some were working for it, and no one, whatever his political views, had any confidence in the new President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Pestered from the moment of his arrival at the White House by place-hunters, despised by his colleagues, with no knowledge how to wage war and no desire for the power it might give him, LINCOLN certainly did not appear to be the leader the times called for. The character of this

extraordinary man is not part of Miss LEECH's theme, but she gives us many vivid glimpses of him, and also an excellent portrait of Mrs. LINCOLN, with her vulgar ostentation as the President's wife, her greed and jealousy and insane temper. General GRANT also is well sketched, a man seemingly less destined for triumph than even LINCOLN, compelled to leave the army because he drank too much, a failure in farming and business, saved from destitution by a job in the family leather store, and at last grudgingly readmitted into the army, of which four years later he became the victorious commander-in-chief. But the chief interest of Miss LEECH's book is in the variety of its lesser figures—the women spies, ROSE O'NEIL GREENHOW and BILLY BOYD, the foreign adventurer, the Chevalier WIKOFF, CLARA BARTON, the timid spinster who became the Florence Nightingale of the Federal Armies, and WALT WHITMAN, with his bushy beard and wide sombrero, endearing himself to wounded soldiers with the small gifts which were all he could afford.

H. K.

Latifundia, Ltd.

There are two schools of thought about the land. One holds that it exists to support as many families as possible. These should produce all they can for themselves and sell the surplus; and they should combine for credits and self-help on the lines of the Belgian *Boerenbond*. The other school—founded on the dilemma business has brought us into and on the needs of business for a safe home investment—looks to an agriculture run by limited companies, with special "lines," unlimited mechanization and a large measure of bureaucratic control. Mr. DUNCAN McGUFFIE's *Spring Onions* (FABER, 7/6) is an ardent piece of propaganda for the second cult. A public-school boy who set out to apply the methods of his father's factory to the land, Mr. McGUFFIE got going in the Vale of Evesham with its unique combination of early produce and handy industrial customers. At first he sold his own stuff (and other people's) from lorries. Subsequently he acquired land from a Birmingham business-man who went about buying up farms for building sites but was persuaded to part with a hundred and twenty acres.

H. P. E.

Pekes and People

Pekes are a habit—a vice, many people will, of course, have it. Mr. DENIS MACKAIL, acquiring it in the later nineteen-twenties, did so with all the characteristic zeal of the newly-converted. That is not to say, however, that Topsy herself is by any means the only interest in *Life With Topsy* (HEINEMANN, 12/6), which is really a picture of life in Chelsea during the thirteen years of a little dog's allotted span, introducing many of the literary personalities, notably J. M. BARRIE, who made up her owner's circle of friends. In her early days, she might perhaps best be described as a symbol of the gay, pleasant, trivial things which came to an end so largely three years ago both for Pekes and people. But little dogs do not live for ever, and war-clouds gather, and fear and doubt and insecurity grow; and the book ends on that note of angry and bewildered disillusionment with which many people met the realization of the coming storm which was to shatter, both metaphorically and in grim reality, so many of the world's Greenery Streets.

C. F. S.

Les Affairistes

When a distinguished and upright French jurist has spent two years as Premier Laval's Chief Secretary he

likes to get the taste of corruption out of his mouth. Maitre PIERRE TISSIER set out on his travels at thirty, but found just the same business, banking and political rackets—the order of precedence is his—in America and the rest of Europe. France, he concluded, had on the whole the finest institutions, and her life was certainly the most pleasant. *I Worked With Laval* (HARRAP, 5/-) describes his legal training and the three men who dominated his professional life. To BRIAND's integrity and eloquence he bears moving witness. Gauleiter LAVAL, on the other hand, is the best-hated man in France; and the most one can say for the dilettante DE MONZIE is that he told his Italians they were backing the wrong horse. Of the essential virtue of France there is no question. It is to prevent the past recurring that Colonel TISSIER, now Comptroller to the Fighting French, has so unsparingly analysed its errors.

H. P. E.

Two Stories from France

The French are very good at the crime-story in which the social effects of the murder are what matters. M. GEORGES SIMENON, already well known in this country as the author of the *Maiquet* series, gives us two such stories in *Affairs of Destiny* (ROUTLEDGE, 8/-). The first, "Newhaven-Dieppe," tells how an innocent night-signalman at the Harbour Station at Dieppe, peering through the fog from his box, sees one man push another off the quay, and as a result, all too simply, gets caught up himself in a mounting madness of guilt. The second, "The Woman in the Grey House," describes what happens in a village of Poitou after a widow has flung her epileptic son-in-law from the top of a barn. M. SIMENON has the power of making a scene vivid with a single significant detail; he has also the gift of registering the delicately changing reactions of a number of people to the same incident. This book is in the top-drawer of current fiction, crime or otherwise. The translation seems to be excellent.

E. O. D. K.



Dog Days

"YOU get some rum types at a Recruits' Centre," said the R.A.F. corporal in the corner seat. "We had a huntsman in not long ago; he fidgeted so much on the Square when the bugle went that his N.C.O. got him put on light duties. Then we had a commissionnaire who turned up in a sort of vice-admiral's uniform and had the whole station saluting him right and left. All sorts, we get; bank managers, hawkers, diver's mates, cathedral vergers, actors who refer to parades as 'rehearsals,' signwriters, museum curators; all sorts.

"But the best I remember was A.C.2 Vivaldi the Great. When they took down his particulars they told him he couldn't have a name like that. But he said that that was his name, and told 'em to prove it wasn't. When they asked him his job in civvy street he said 'Magician,' just like that. 'You mean conjurer, or music-hall artist,' said the N.C.O. 'No, I don't, Corporal,' said Vivaldi the Great, 'I mean Magician.' So that's what they put him down as, and left it at that. There was a long queue waiting, and it was getting near the N.C.O.'s tea-time.

"Vivaldi the Great was nothing to look at. He was about five foot six, with a lot of hair (until the Station barber put the clippers over him from the back of the neck to the forehead), and he never got the hang of wearing his cap at an angle. His uniform was too big, and on the Square he was hopeless.

"Now we had a Warrant-officer about that time called W.O. Bull, and very unpopular he was. There was nothing pleased W.O. Bull better than getting one man out in front of the Squad and making a fool of him. He used to make sure the rest of the Squad laughed too. If they didn't, they knew they'd be providing the next turn. Well, one morning he had Vivaldi the Great out on exhibition, slow-marching up and down while everyone roared. Vivaldi wasn't very good on his pins, and he kept losing his balance and staggering in all directions. W.O. Bull broke him into quick-time, back into slow-time, about-turned him, turned him on the march, broke him into quick-time again, turned him about, until he finally fell over his feet and sat down on the asphalt.

"'Get up, you dizzy man!' roared W.O. Bull—'you're not doing your world-famous contortionist act now. Stand to attention, man!'

"Vivaldi looked at him and said that he wasn't a contortionist. W.O. Bull said, 'Do you think I care what the h--- you are, you dim little goon?'

"'I'm a magician, sir,' said Vivaldi the Great.

"Then work a b--- spell and turn yourself into a b--- man!' said W.O. Bull, with one eye on the rest of the Squad to watch 'em enjoy the joke.

"'I'm satisfied as I am,' said Vivaldi, and W.O. Bull went as white as a sheet. Airmen didn't usually talk back at him.

"'You're on a charge for insubordinate language,' he said. 'Report to me at 1000 hours!'

"So at 10 o'clock Vivaldi the Great was waiting outside W.O. Bull's office at Headquarters Building, and when Sergeant Coker walked down the corridor to the Squadron Office he asked Vivaldi what he was waiting for.

"'Abracadabra,' said Vivaldi.

"'What?'

"'Appointment with Warrant-Officer Bull,' said Vivaldi.

"'That's not what you said before,' said the Sergeant.

"'No, Sergeant,' said Vivaldi.

"'You be careful,' said Sergeant Coker, and he turned to the door, looked at the notice on it saying KNOCK AND WAIT, and knocked and waited.

"There was a sort of soprano noise from inside the room.

"'Did he say "Come in"?,' asked the Sergeant.

"'Might have been,' said Vivaldi, and the Sergeant fancied the man grinned just for a fraction of a second. He gave him a sharp look, opened the door and went in.

"'What the ---!' he yelled.

"Standing on W.O. Bull's table was a most extraordinary dog. It had a bulldog's face, a Sealyham's ears, a long dachshund's body and the tail of a Pekingese. The whole thing was a bright pink. As Sergeant Coker looked at it, it turned back its lips, snarled horribly, bounded off the desk and took a great hunk out of the Sergeant's blue service trousers. Then it turned to Vivaldi.

"'Look out!' squealed the Sergeant—but to his surprise the fearful beast flattened itself out at Vivaldi's feet, licking his boots and whimpering.

"'What the ---!' said Sergeant Coker again. 'Whose filthy mongrel is this, airman? Warrant-Officer Bull's?'

"Vivaldi said he believed it was in a way. Then he began to laugh.

Sergeant Coker cursed him, told him to stand to attention, asked him what the blazes he thought he was up to; but he still only laughed; and when the Sergeant threatened to put him in close arrest the pink dog suddenly leapt up and took another piece out of his blue service trousers. The Sergeant kicked it away. Then he went off to put in a report. As soon as he found W.O. Bull, he said, he was going to see that the pink dog was shot. Vivaldi finished his laugh and went to report to his Squad.

"During the rest of the day that pink dog was everywhere. It got in the C.O.'s office and stood just inside the door barking. When the C.O. ordered its capture it ran off on to the Square and followed Vivaldi's Squad up and down whimpering and occasionally getting under Vivaldi's feet. At dinner-time it was in the Sergeants' Mess, sitting at the head of the Warrant-Officers' table. At break-time in the afternoon it was queuing up at the refreshment-bar with the senior N.C.O.s. It got kicked and cuffed and sworn at and chased, but nobody was able to catch it—it was antagonistic to everyone on the Station but Vivaldi the Great.

"It was only at the end of the day's work that somebody noticed the continual absence of W.O. Bull. The rumour that the pink mongrel belonged to him had spread, and there was an outcry from the C.O. downwards for W.O. Bull, so that sanction for the destruction of the animal could be obtained.

"The next morning, when W.O. Bull's room-orderly went in to wake him, he found the bed hadn't been slept in. But it had been slept on—by the pink dog, which shot out of the room as soon as the orderly opened the door, and tore into the Sergeants' Mess, barking and snarling and tearing everybody's blue service trousers.

"After three days, during which the entire work of the Station was disorganized, partly by the mysterious absence of W.O. Bull, partly by the havoc wrought by the pink dog, it was decided that A.C.2 Vivaldi should be detailed to take the animal to a place appointed and polish it off with a .45 Smith and Wesson. So he went off with the dog and the revolver into a sort of coppice in the north-east corner of the Station, while half the personnel lurked about nearby for the satisfaction of hearing the beast disposed of.

"They heard the shot, and presently

Vivaldi the Great came shambling out of the trees alone. Everybody sighed with relief, and they were just turning away when to their surprise they saw another figure emerging dazedly from the coppice. It was W.O. Bull.

"What the devil d'you mean, Bull," said the C.O., striding up, "by being away all this time and letting your damn pink dog disorganize the whole Station? Warrant-Officer Bunting! Sergeant Coker! Take this man into custody!"

"And so," concluded the R.A.F. corporal in the corner seat, "W.O. Bull lost his Warrant, and Vivaldi the Great got his own back. I believe it did cross W.O. Bull's mind to charge Vivaldi. But a Charge Sheet reading 'When on Active Service, transforming Warrant-Officer Bull into a pink dog by means of a magic spell' might have been unsympathetically received in Air Force legal circles. And besides, he was not at all sure that Vivaldi the Great's repertoire was exhausted."

"An interesting story," said an elderly man opposite, as the train drew into Victoria. "Might I ask what your own occupation is in—er—civvy street? A journalist perhaps, a novelist, or a writer of imaginative stories?"

"No, no," said the corporal, throwing a wink to the girl in blue as he took down his respirator from the rack. "I'm a magician."

Error of Judgment

COME in, dear, and give me your candid opinion. Don't stop to think, because I want your first impression, quite fully and frankly. Just say right out exactly what you feel about it. I'm the last person, as you know, to resent criticism. If you were to tell me that in your opinion this whole house and everything in it had better be razed to the ground, I should feel *nothing* but gratitude. I'm like that. Just tell me how it strikes you, without a moment's hesitation."

"But I don't—"

"Ah, I quite see how it is. You think I've wrecked the whole room. If so, dear, why not say so at once? I'd rather know. One or two of my friends, who understand something about art, feel that it's the making of the place—but if *you* simply feel that nothing could be more hideous, then you're perfectly right to say so. Perfectly right. And now let's forget all about it and just have a cup of tea, and not



"Two tuppennies, please—one for a certain person upstairs."

another word or thought or look. I understand exactly what you mean."

"Miss Littlemug, please stop."

"Stop, dear? There's nothing to stop, unless you mean pouring out the tea, which I've done regularly ever since I was ten years old and my dear mother's eyesight became so indifferent that the dear old Benares brass tea-tray was always flooded every afternoon, and my dear father himself begged her to give it up. Take a piece of toast, and don't give another thought to what has passed. You were perfectly right to speak your mind, and I realize that I'm not in the first rank of artists—I always *have* realized it—and

we can't all be Royal Academicians, though I remember meeting a really remarkable landscape-painter one year in a little village in Wales, and he simply said, 'Miss Littlemug,' he said, 'if you chose to do so you could come to the front as a maker of needlework pictures.' I'd just finished Carmarthen Bay in wool, and it was immediately afterwards that I started the sea off the coast of Pembroke, confining myself entirely to green and blue wools, with an occasional skein of white for the seagulls. Not that it matters now. And if you dislike my little attempt at the dear old abbey, dear, I'm only too glad—delighted, I may say—that you

should tell me so quite candidly. And now let's talk of something different. I only hope you don't mind slightly burnt toast, as this undoubtedly is. I may have been rather too much upset to watch it as carefully as I ought to have done—but never mind that. If it wasn't for Lord Woolton I'd give it to the birds in a moment, but as things are, perhaps we'd better try to manage it ourselves. It will take our minds off the abbey and the undoubted failure of the whole thing. Not that I care—don't think that for one moment—I welcome criticism. Positively welcome it."

"Miss Littlemug, honestly it's dangerous to wave the toasting-fork about like that. And you're entirely mistaken. Now that you've told me about the abbey I realize—"

"No, dear. It's quite unworthy of you to be so disingenuous. The abbey

is a failure, and you obviously think it looks quite ridiculous hanging over the little marquetry card-table that came from poor Cousin Ellen's things. I may feel it's a pity I took so much trouble over it—perhaps you don't know what these walls are like, and that wall-plugs are not only an absolute necessity but almost impossible to find, because people always put them away so that they shan't be found. I spent a good deal of time in the potting-shed opening little tins and boxes looking for them and finding, I may say, nothing except screws screws screws. And then there was the hammer, which had completely disappeared. Still, one got everything together in the end, and even then the leg of the blue chair broke under me, and the music-stool had a very narrow escape, and the result of it all is that you feel the abbey is a great mistake

and needlework pictures are just so much waste of time. Quite right to say so frankly, dear."

"But, Miss Littlemug, I haven't said so. To tell you the truth, until you actually told me it was there, I hadn't even noticed that there was a new needlework picture in the room."

"You hadn't— Don't say another word, dear. I understand perfectly. Ha, ha! Forgive me for laughing. But the thought of my working for hours and hours at that picture, only to be told it hasn't even been noticed, is positively funny.

"... Oh, no, I'm not in the least upset. Merely amused." E. M. D.

• •

Tally-ho!

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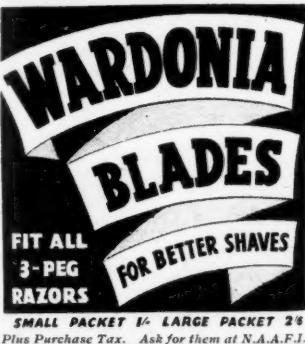
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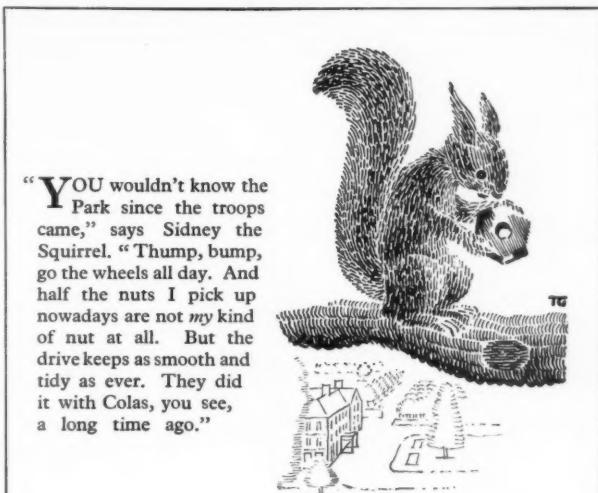


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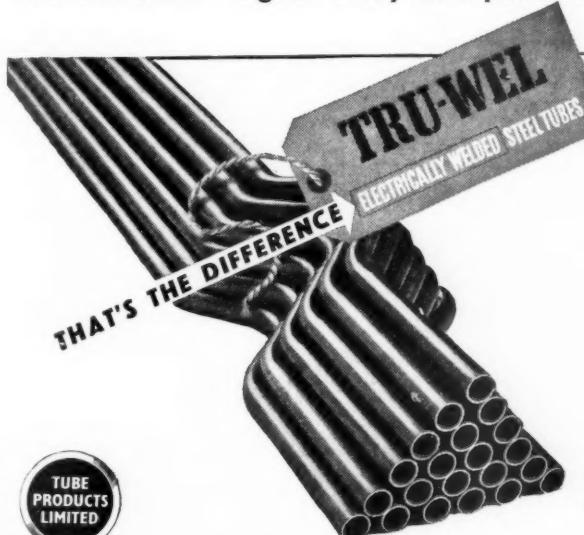
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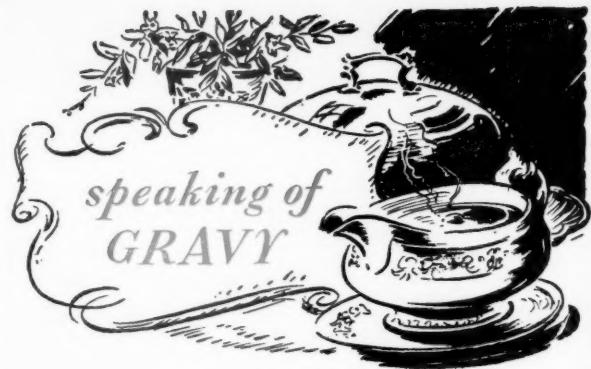
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